

# U2, The Playboy Manison

If Coke is a mystery  
Michael Jackson...History  
If beauty is truth  
And surgery the fountain of youth  
What am I to do  
Have I got the gift to get me through  
The gates of that mansion  
If OJ is more than a drink  
And a Big Mac bigger than you think  
If perfume is an obsession  
And talk shows, confession  
What have we got to lose  
Another push and we'll be through  
The gates of that mansion  
I never bought a Lotto ticket  
I never parked in anyone's space  
The banks feel like cathedrals  
I guess casinos took their place  
Love, come on down  
Don't wake her, she'll come around  
Chance is a kind of religion  
Where you're damned for plain hard luck  
I never did see that movie  
I never did read that book  
Love, come on down  
Let my numbers come around  
Don't know if I can hold on  
Don't know if I'm that strong  
Don't know if I can wait that long  
'Til the colours come flashing  
And the lights go on  
Then will there be no time for sorrow  
Then will there be no time for shame  
And though I can't say why  
I know I've got to believe  
We'll go driving in that pool  
It's who you know that gets you through  
The gates of the Playboy mansion  
But they don't mention...the pain  
Then will there be no time for sorrow  
Then will there be no time for shame  
Then will there be no time for sorrow  
Then will there be no time for shame